

DYGNONES.

Ye doubts and fears that once we knew. Ye bitter words, of anger born; Ye thoughts unkind, and deeds un-true.

"A Man's a Man" By MARY S. GILMORE. "The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd, for a' that."

Private Phil Burns, U. S. A., son of the people, cheerfully humming his favorite snatches of his favorite song, marched to the front as a "common soldier."

The general in the case was Madge, only child of General Gastonridge, a born and bred patrician, a social belle, a famous beauty of sumptuous brunette style.

Face to face with the simple, self-respecting, unconsciously dignified as well as handsome hero from the ranks it was her woman heart that quickened and cardiac pulsations are no less subtly responsive than "mind waves."

The forward deck chanced to be deserted, momentarily, by all save the lavalied veteran. Games and smugglers and pipes were in session in saloon and smoking room, monopolizing the sociable sides of the ship.

Hummed the young vocalist, by force of venerable habit, as he forward marched toward the general. Yet the windows of his soul turned a wistful appeal rather than of flashing defiance upon the autoer of his fate.

ed in the hearts of the great American people as the general's co-equal rival of war, domestic rivalry in the name of love, even upon the Gastonridge hearthstone, seemed a less hopeless cause than heretofore.

"Dear old paw!" laughed Madge, in Southern patois, emerging from her fortress and obeying military orders in the letter if not in the spirit.

scorned Madge, magnificently. "But—but will the pride of my American princess not yet regret that, socially speaking, she has 'stooped to conquer'?"

"My excuse is—your daughter's love for me, sir," he explained, simply. "Bah! Bah! Bosh! You conceited, presuming, deluded young jackanapes!"

"Then we'll clope!" proclaimed Madge, rising like a queen of Sheba in her Oriental draperies of subdued old gold and reds.

"The general and his daughter started simultaneously, in common discomfort. Phil Burns' mother—this poor, shabby, typical woman of the populace, never by any necromancy of gold or fashion to be adapted to the patrician Gastonridge mold!

Madge, meantime, was dallying with the decision which must make or mar her life. Useless to say that no ignoble sentiments tempted her. The human respect and sensitive vanity inseparable from the unconscious

rather than the conquering hero of wideawake reality! True, he was goodly to look upon—a young, hardy, handsome specimen of manhood, scarcely less evidently sans peur—public heroism notwithstanding—than likewise sans reproche.

Madge, radiant in her grace of sex and grand young beauty, stood like princess royal encircled by courtiers. Her pose was regal, her simple gown worn with the air of a robe of coronation.

"My boy!" she sobbed, rapturously. From the exquisitely curled and perfumed attache of one of the foreign embassies Phil Burns turned sharply. One appealing look he flashed upon Madge as he sprang forward.

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snobbishness of dazzled youth, joined forces with racial pride and caste traditions against the nobler ideals of girlhood's heart. The pride and pomp and material glory of the world seemed to her, of a sudden, life's single reality!

"Oh, Phil," she cried, softly, impetuously surrendering her soul's divine impulse, "aren't you going to present me to—our—mother?"

But the rest of his speech fell on ears unheeding. Woman and woman, mother and maiden, were blending heart with heart.

The diplomat attache mistook the situation. He divined romance; but taking it for granted that the general disapproved it, ventured a delicate hint that the conservatism of old Europe espoused the paternal side.

"Your America, general, is a great country socially," he emphasized, with a disparaging glance of contemptuous significance at the plebeian old person in the rusty weeds, when Madge and Phil by simultaneous impulse had presented the general to her.

But if he expected gratitude the condescending foreigner was unpleasantly surprised. The American general turned on him like an exploding cannon, even as he courteously offered his chivalrous escort to the mother of brave Phil Burns.

"Yes, sir!" he thundered, leading the way to the carriage. "My America is a great country, socially and nationally. And why is it great, sir? Not because of its great men, alone or primarily, no, sir! but because it is the country of noble mothers;—of the pure, earnest, selfless, maternal women of the people whose virtues, sir, the best and grandest sons of the great American Republic but reflect!"

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